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THE
BULLET
THE DEUM;
WITH THE
CANTICLE
OF
THE STONE.

Imprimatur.

F. RABELAIS.

LONDON:

Printed for one of the Candidates for the Office of
Printer to the KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,
and Sold by WILLIAM HONE, 55, Fleet Street, and
67, Old Bailey, three Doors from Ludgate Hill. 1817.
Price Two-pence.

BULLET

THE BULLET

WITH THE

CANTON

OF

THE STONE

STONING

STONING

LONDON:

Printed for one of the Candidates for the Office of
Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty,
and sold by WILLIAM HODGKINS, at the Office,
No. 10, Old Bailey, three Doors from the
Gate to the Court.

Printed by J. D. Dewick,
Barbican.

TE DEUM, &c.

¶ *There shall be read distinctly, with an audible voice, the Leading Article of the Courier, (except there be other LESSONS appointed by the Treasury for that Day :) he that readeth, so standing and turning himself, as he may best be heard of all such as are present. And after that, shall be said or sung, in English, daily throughout the week, as followeth :—*

Te Deum Laudamus.

WE praise thee O Stone : we acknowledge thee to be a Bullet.

All the Corruptionists doth worship thee : the Place-giver everlasting.

2015164

To thee all Placemen cry aloud : the Treasury, and all the Clerks therein.

To thee Pensioners and Sinecurists : continually do cry, Bullet, Bullet, Bullet : from thee our power floweth.

Borough-mongers and Lords in waiting : are full of thy two holes a quarter of an inch apart.

The glorious company of the Chinese Eating Room : praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Pavilion : praise thee.

The noble army of Tax Commissioners : praise thee.

The pure Legitimates throughout all the world : doth acknowledge thee,

The Saviour of an expiring Ministry.

Thou art the Trick of Tricks : O Bullet.

Thou art the everlasting prop : of the Ministry.

When they took upon them to call thee a Bullet : they did not abhor the public shame.

When they had failed to overcome the sharpness of Truth : thou didst open the Kingdom to the leaven of new deceivers.

We believe that thou art a pretext : for rejecting Reform.

We therefore pray thee help the Lord of the Bed-chamber : but appear not unto him for his memory's sake.

O Bullet, save the Ministry : for thou alone art their heritage.

Keep them in place: and they will call thee Bullet for ever.

Day by day: the Courier doth magnify thee;

And it worshippeth thy name: every night without end.

Vouchsafe, O Bullet: to keep us this year without Reform.

O Bullet, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

O Bullet, keep Reform afar from us: as our trust is in thee.

O Bullet, in thee have we trusted: let the Reformists for ever be confounded.

[*Here endeth the Bullet Te Deum.*]

CANTICLE

OF

THE STONE,

*Which may, or may not, be sung or said immediately
after Te Deum Laudamus.*

Benedicite omnia, &c.

O ALL ye workers of Corruption, bless ye the Stone:
praise it, and *magnify* it as a Bullet for ever.

O most chaste, most pious, most magnificent, and
gracious Prince, who alone workest great maryels: mag-
nify it for ever.

O thou Private Secretary, Secretary Extraordinary, and
Privy Seal: magnify it for ever.

O thou Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal of the
Duchy: magnify it for ever.

O thou Vice Admiral, Lord Warden of the Stannaries,
and Steward of the Duchy: magnify it for ever.

O ye Lords and Grooms of the Bedchamber: magnify
it for ever.

O ye Sticks in waiting: magnify it for ever.

O ye Lords of the Treasury: magnify it for ever.

O ye Solicitors to the Treasury: magnify it for
ever.

O ye Tailors and Accoutrement Makers to the House-
hold Troops, whose dress hath not been altered during
ten entire days last past: magnify it for ever.

O ye Sword Cutlers, Helmet Makers, Epaulette Makers,
Feather Makers, Buttonhole Stitchers, and cunning Work-
men in Embroidery: magnify it for ever:

O ye Dames of Hertford and Jersey, and Mother
St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins: magnify
it for ever.

O ye One Hundred and Nine Chaplains in Ordinary,
whose names are written in the Royal Kalendar: magnify
it for ever.

O ye Makers and Manufacturers of Sham Plots: mag-
nify it for ever.

O thou eldest Son of Impudence, George Cunning,
whodidst transform the foot of an old Stocking with a
few Bullets, into a waggon load of Ammunition: mag-
nify it for ever.

O ye Old Cabbage Dog Rose, and the Managers and
Direcors of Saving Banks: magnify it for ever.

O thou Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, the Sucking-mother of the Treasury : magnify it for ever.

O ye Borough-brokers, and Money-jobbers : magnify it for ever.

O ye admirers of Louis the Desired, and Ferdinand the Beloved : magnify it for ever.

O ye who believe the People have nothing to do with the Laws but to obey them : magnify it for ever.

O ye who are arrayed in purple and fine linen ; who toil not, neither do ye spin : magnify it without end, for ever and ever.

¶ Now to the Right Honourable Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Sir JOHN SILVESTER, and Mr. JUSTICE HICKS, be committed the entire disposal of the Lives and Liberties of the People of England at this time and for ever hereafter. *Amen.*

[*Here endeth the Canticle.*]

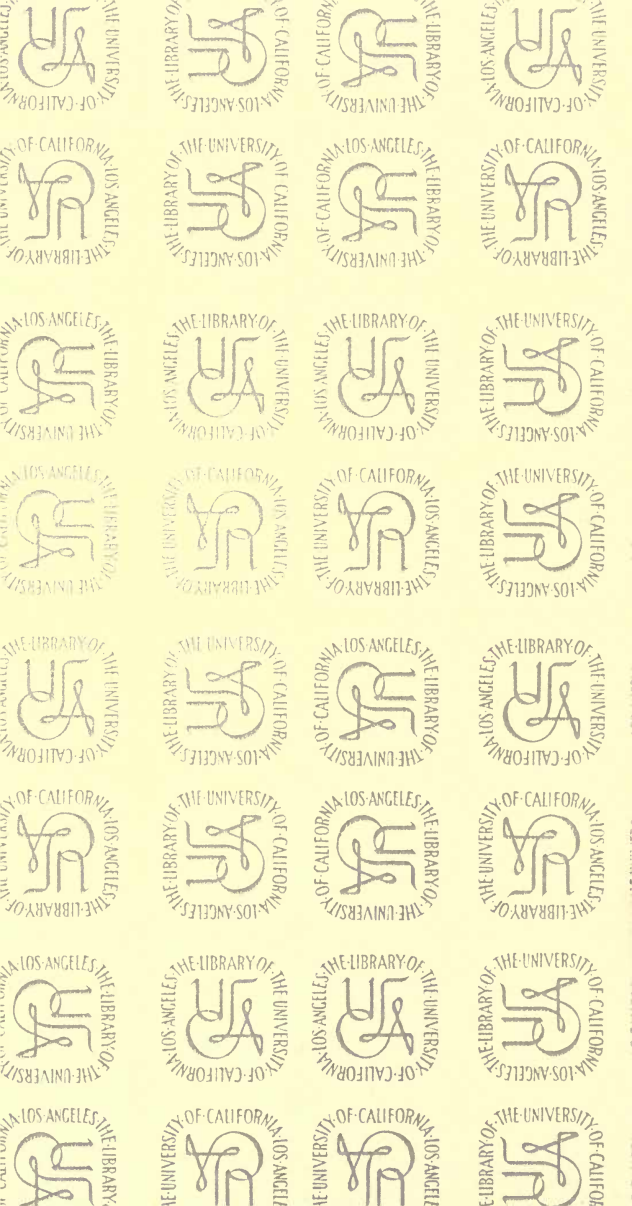
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